WITHERED MEMORIES

BEING

THE REMINISCENCES OF MEDICAL LIFE.

[illegible]
[illegible] T. Ankesaria,
[illegible] Parsi Bazar Street, Fort
BOMBAY

Brij Mohan Lal

TO

A FRIEND

THESE FIRST FEW THOUGHTS

ARE RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED

THE AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The following essays were written for the G. M. C. Magazine to entertain and amuse my young medical friends, in the midst of their labours and multifarious duties, and as a relief in the more serious professional contributions with which the little journal is ever so full. At the request of the publisher, they have been collected in the present volume with a view to serve my fellow students as a remembrance of the busy period of five years, so full of varied experiences and activities, with many a hope and joy, anxiety and care, when they have gone back into the wider world to take up the responsible duties of life; for who will not look back, through the years, to his early College life, and pluck one by one, with the softest yearning, memories, withered and faint, from the dim forgetfulness of time.

Thanks are due to my friend and fellow student, Mr K. N. Kulshreshtha for the interest and care with which he has looked over the proofs.

I cannot close without a word of remembrance to my old master, the late Mr J. S. Glenn, to whom I owe my early education, and who moulded the youthful mind with his brain and his birch, and to Mr P. H. Sturge, M.A. Principal, Nizam College, who has given to me all that I have, in knowledge, and in culture, and for whose patronage, and kindly sympathy, I am ever grateful.

BRIJ MOHAN LAL.

Friday,
24th August, 1917.

FOREWORD

In these bright little essays of medical student life in Bombay, I am glad to note that the writer has not been content, unlike the average student, to confine himself within the narrow limits of the merely technical side of his professional studies

He has apparently during the five years of his apprenticeship responded fully to the plentiful opportunities afforded him of gaining a wider human outlook and experience, which, in the course of my address to the Students of the Grant Medical College last year, I defined as an essential moral equipment to a healer of bodily suffering

In these pages I find certain qualities, which, in due time, properly fostered must serve to enrich the young author both as man and physician—a quick power of observation, a keen and sensitive power of sympathy, an intuition into the moods and motives, hopes and fears of stricken men and women, humour that is never malicious and pathos that is never maudlin, a picturesque fancy half playful and half sad—all focussed in the central desire and instinct of the true physician to serve, to succour and to heal suffering humanity

Sarojini Naidu

HYDRABAD, DECCAN
16th August, 1917.

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WITHERED MEMORIES.

A Dissertation on a Dissection Table

Take her up tenderly
Lift her with care



MAN proposes and God disposes Such is the destiny of many a man who begins life in the full vigour of youth and fights his way in the struggle for existence Leaving aside those born in affluent circumstances, with fortune, social rank, and influence at their back, the lower strata of our humanity very often present those unfortunates who work hard to earn their living with full hope and confidence only to be degraded in the social scale, in spite of keen contest at every step and in the end to sink into oblivion by disease and death It is out of such a section of people friendless and without a relative, who end their days "unwept unhonoured and unsung," that our dissection halls are supplied With what hope and cheer does man begin his life and very often with what a different end does he come by.

Thus each subject, brought into the hall to enlighten us in our knowledge of the human constitution, offers us food for reflection That is the last place of their rest and there they are split up into many a fragment, with no stone or urn ... past existence, except the knowledge they help

to leave in the minds of those who reserve themselves for the service of humanity as doctors To help science and serve humanity even after death; what nobler monument than that?

There lies what was once a woman, in eternal sleep, on marble table, a piece of furniture she never dreamt of, whilst alive. Her beautifully rounded arms and wellformed hands, so useful in the rough duties of her life and perhaps once the pride of some one, are now under the seeming cruel knives which serve only to display the inner beauty of developed muscles and tendons. Her moderately plain face sometimes considered graceful by her, before a modest mirror in the vanity of youth, is cold and rigid in death, very soon to be deplorably disfigured but not so hideouly as by the feastings of the worm and the gnat or by the fast consuming tongues of flame Piece by piece the outlines of the fine features disappear and the perhaps oft complimented eyes, large and bright, and the perfect rows of teeth, beautified by the repeated coatings of 'mashi' (black enamel for teeth) would look out of place and ugly in their sockets

" Time was, some may have prized its blooming skin,
Here lips were woo'd, perhaps, in transport tender;
Some may have chuck'd what was a dimpled chin,
And never had my doubts about its gender!"

What is the name of this friendless being and what her past history? No one can tell or cares to know. Perhaps she was once a tiny child in an obscure habitation, a mother's hope, a brother's pride. Oft fondled and cared for in the days of plenty, she becomes a prey to a cruel devastation

which brings sorrow on the land and makes life a hard lot Bolder than others and more energetic she leaves her native village to try a livelihood in a great commercial city with all its noisy magnificence and beauty, where many flock to earn a fortune and not unoften to sink into insignificance in its dark and cheerless bowels A factory claims her She works night and day, and earns perhaps enough to live but no more Slowly her confiding and simple nature changes with the hard life she leads and correspondence with her people never prolific amongst the ignorant ceases She becomes friendless forgotten and unknown With incessant toil and unwholesome life a sadness comes over her, and then disease, persistent and pain ul She is forced to leave off her work tarries some times in pain and starvation and ultimately sore at heart drags herself to lay her wearied limbs and end her days at a great charity institution There she is well attended to and cared for but the Fates are already hovering around her They whisper softly in her ears of brighter realms where there is no pain, toil, and death She soon has permanent rest in death and oblivion

Thus the dull cold marble becomes her temporary bed Fancy dreams some such history of her life

Yonder is laid the body of a man far advanced in dissection His features we cannot know, nor can we find out his caste or creed He is only trunk with no arms, or legs, or skin His bowels are open and so is his chest The heart lies in its place broken all cut up Love, an emotion to which his ignorant and rough nature never rose he never knew Yet there is a broken heart within His face is lipless and cheek

less; and he appears as if grinning mockingly at our feeble efforts to increase the span of life ever so little. A few days more and it would disappear only to be replaced by another. From where he came and where he is gone spirit and matter, no one knows Thus we see in the large airy hall, a number of bodies which once represented burly labourers, hardy mechanics and keen artisans, men and women, each having a varied life with its own stock of experiences unrecorded and a separate and an interesting history.

But finding some of human race,
Unhappy pass their annals by.

They worked for humanity in its necessities and comforts, and serve to alleviate its sufferings after death Are their lives a failure and efforts unproductive?



The First Impressions of Hospital life

So tl, ; pur l i d e a o rel Fancy l ol ans
Tle treas red p ct res of a tl ousan l scenes
Tho as Ca plell



HEN the budding medico with his moustache curled, (if he happens to posses any) and the stetho cope peeping out becomingly from his coat pocket struts along for the first time to take up his new duties at the hospital he finds himself among the senior students one who is irretrievably higher than those of his fellows of low degree His hair begins to receive more care, and the dress better attention And well may he be self conscious Having crossed that bridge of asses the third year, that stumbling block that has shatterd many a hope and ached many a heart he finds himself safe above the raging waters and begins to feel confident of becoming a successful medical man But this pleasant state of mind is of short duration, as are most of our joys, and he soon finds himself smarting under responsibility and care which the hospital duties are sure to bring He is surrounded with misery, woe and all kinds of human infirmity There are rich and poor, high and low, alike on the bed of pain All differences of rank position wealth, and acquirements are forgotten and all seem to acknowledge themselves the common children of God in their sufferings All gloss of civilization hatred, pride, dignity and affection are instinc

tively laid aside and man is seen in his true form, a veritable child of nature If the student happens to be of a sensitive temperament, his sympathies go forth to the patient in his care and this often brings on suffering When one morning he finds a check in the progress of his case, the buoyant hopes so ardently formed, and the anxious desire to help to heal his first patient, are suddenly destroyed The result is sadness, which lasts till the patient pulls up again. That first patient is the idol of his heart and for him no care and thought is spared If he could be cured it is a laurel in his cap, a happy augury for the times to come We have all our weaknesses and this is one Then the fear of carrying scepsis, unconsciously to his patients, troubles him for the first few days at least, while he is working there, and he spares no pains to keep everything as clean as possible. His conscience pricks him ever after, if there is any neglect on his part or in any way his case goes wrong, even though it be not his fault If he fails to do properly some painful duty for want of courage, there is self reproach to taunt him for the rest of the day Then he has to face the difficulty of replying to blunt questions in a bad case and of giving consolation, when the patient knows too much or fancies he does, and yet distracted with uncertainty, looks forward to him for hope and a favourable answer Such are the difficulties which beset the neophyte

A hospital like ours is generally utilised by people, who are not much favoured by fortune and whose lives are passed in one hard struggle for existence Exhausted by labour or attacked by some fell disease in the unhygienic surroundings of

our over populated city or victimised by some devilish piece of modern machinery, they seek the great charity institution as the only refuge for rest and assuaging pain Some are up country men, simple and child like in innocence, and even know not the kind of treatment, surgical or medical they are to receive even on admission to a particular ward. Their one thought is to be rid of the disease they are suffering from, and bother not their head how it is to be removed Others inquire whether they would feel pain while undergoing an operation, and seem to have never heard of anaesthetics While there are others who struggle on the slightest attempt at examination There are some who so carefully notice the procedure of the particular treatment given to them that the slightest alteration in it will meet with remonstrance and they will not feel satisfied till the old proceeding is repeated in the minutest detail There are yet others who will not rest satisfied till a particular whim of theirs, some imaginary disease or complaint is attended to Many among them possess good intellect and sound judgement, though coming from a comparatively low scale of society There are wits too, and a casual hit or jest is very entertaining A female patient was heard saying I can bake bread and *know its* quality, and you (a doctor) can not *tell me the* condition of my disease." Quite homely but an apt *simile* Ignorance also plays an important part in their observations *One while* undergoing a [illegible] injection said "what has *my* back to do with piles" Another general tendency *among* the patients, both male and female [illegible] complete trust in the student dressing or at

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days of his forced incarceration and fondly looking forward to go back to his family and his work In their own department similar is the state among the females One is quite matronly ready with her sage advise to her younger sisters in trouble There is another, a hyper sensitive young woman, who doubles and trebles her sufferings by thinking fearing, and doubting and well she may Prolonged suffering brings on loss of faith, and that despondency and hopelessness, enhanced perhaps by some domestic trouble the absence of friends and relatives or the remembrance of a baby untimely snatched away, though all that is needful is done for her, and her trouble is nobody's fault, yet womanlike she frets and grumbles Most of these sufferers who have borne their pain with their wonted fatalism will get well and walk out again into the sunshine and the light, perhaps to enjoy it the more For some nature will have her way and they will end their days in the place they came to, in the wild hope of cure Theirs is the hard lot indeed

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

T Gray

A few of these who have never had a friend or a relation will be sent to the dissection hall, or to the post mortem room that gloomy place where we look more like magicians at their

tending on them, and his or her own *baba* is the best; he is the kindest and the *gentlest of the lot; his is the* best hand at cure. They would strongly remonstrate, and feel dejected, even if the slightest attempt is made at change.

The hospital itself, at least in its interior is as little gloomy as possible. The chequered flooring, the painted walls, the flower vases, and the neatness connected with everything, give it a pleasant appearance. The rows of beds have *patients of different communities. There lies the stoic* old-world Muslim who discarding pain simply utters to every querry "Thanks be to God." By his side is stretched the burly labourer indifferent to his disease His life of hard work and harder fortune, makes his sufferings easier to bear. His cheek is pale and his brow feverish, and his large brawny arms and tough massive muscles, which laughed at tons of load and were once his pride are now loose and flaccid. Hope, that last steadfast friend, there is none for him, and the sphere of his joys, never very wide is over. The only consolation, if there is any, before he is lost in the fast gathering shadows of death, is to look back to his youthful days in his familiar home and hearth many a wide miles away where he stood in the green fields of paddy sucking in the fresh morning. air to welcome the approaching dawn, before he quitted these blessings for a possible gain in the great smoky commercial city. Next to him is a street beggar who has seen better days, before getting reduced to the present pitiable conditions, through folly or through *circumstances. Still he dreams of seera, puri,* and *halwa* or some rare vegetable appealing to his taste; opposite to him is a man of better class, counting the

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Then comes the man at the helm, the surgeon or the physician who is the prime mover of the machinery of the whole ward Patients nurses, students all look up to him, and nothing is done but under his direction He is the presiding genius, the prime judge, who seems to decide human fates in minutes In the wards he uses the most delicate judgment in pronouncing the disease, even the most baffling, and at the theatre his fingers move so deftly and with such confidence, that it inspires one, new at the art with something of a hero-worship To the student of this noblest of professions, there is reverence for his knowledge admiration for his genius and pride at his success He struggles with the fates hard and long, to preserve the span of life of many a sufferer, and gives many a hopeless man a second life The memory of training, and of many a jewels of experience received from him, the student carries with him and loves to look back upon with pride, when having finished his term, he departs for far-off climes to the distant home

In al this world ne was ther noon him lyke
To speke of Phisik and of surgerye,

(*The Prologue*) *Chaucer*

Lastly in our attempts to heal the body we sometimes forget the important and subtler factor in man, the mind,

nefarious task or so many *ghouls* at their banquet. The fair goddess science is so cold and unsentimental She bestows not her favours on her devotees without such unholy offerings.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

Tennyson (In Memoraiam)

With so much misery and death about us we can take the joys of life as usual and can even sometimes afford to crack a dismal jest. Yet such is life

We thus gradually get accustomed to the familiar faces, the charge nurse issuing orders, the junior sisters busy with their work, the doctor shouting at one place, and amiable and kindly at another, and the quaint white liveried Hamals, each in himself a character. Some of the latter, the pugnacious minions have a distinct touch of humour about them. One boasts of his twelve children, as if it is a great feat to be the sire of so many suffering souls; another considers himself half a surgeon and is proud of his skill in bandaging and dressing wounds A third one is not unoften seen running after an unwilling *Missy Baba* with a pot of stools.

In the midwifery department, gather a similar motely combination of women, only more varied and striking in respect of dress and costumes. They belong to all ages, from the persisting old dame to the shy young girl There may be seen squating on the floor the fair Persian in her black draperies and quaint head dress, as if mummified, conversing

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Delicate Dreams.

"Babies to the right of them, babies to the left of them,
Babies in front of them, screamed and howled"



THE day was spent at the wards studying a variety of cases and fixing them in the already over stuffed brain, in poring over ponderous volumes, too bulky to be read with ease, in attending lectures apparently dull to the sleepy mind, and the greater part of the night in frequent calls at the labour ward, where we assist in bringing souls to life and light, babies with coral lips and tiny fingers, cold and soft, the most perfect gift of God, innocent babies with the touch of the angels still fresh on them The mind thus over-worked was still more strained by a more than usual indulgence in the cups of grateful tea, so dear to every medical heart, that I took to the warm comfort of the bed, not to be lost in the deep entrancing sleep, forgetful of the distractions and turmoils of the day, but to dream and wander in thought It seemed to be morning and the so oft frequented out patient's department was filling up fast with patients radiating from all quarters of the city One by one the cases were picked up and looked over and the diagnosis made, which to the dreamy mind came wonderfully correct My fellow students seemed busy too, in a similar manner, trying to stretch the almost fixed limb of this, examining the abdomen of that, or taxing their brains

which not only influences, but in cases is intimately connected with the well-being of the body. A hasty remark, a careless word, scant attention, or an unconscious movement may leave the sufferer in agonies of despair and hopelessness. On the other hand, gentle encouraging appearance and winning manners may make him happy, even though his case be not very hopeful. He is at least satisfied that he has found a friend and is well cared for. Some of us in our enthusiasm for knowledge, unconciously forget to pay regard to the susceptibilities of the patient placed in our charge, and cause him undue inconvenience, which may prove prejudicial to his health. But knowledge acquired in this way, however ignorantly, is like illgotten gain, and mother nature which alone gave the patient his being and knows his deficiencies and abilities, will never yield up her mysteries, try however one may. Kindness and consoling words bring about more ready submission, than any amount of remonstrance, *Amar vincit omnia*—Love conquers all.



for Her only anxiety is cure for her boy There is nothing in the way of materaal affection, no shyness no false sense of dignity Approach you too, gentle fellow-student Why hesitate, it is only a poor mother and a suffering child But gentle ange', be gentler still The fracture is tender and painful and every movement at getting crepitations, sends a pang in the poor little soul And thou too well meaning friend, have your turn, pain the boy so that in times to come, you may heal boys yet unborn Take him to the adjoining hall, where a number of little surgeons are engaged in learning rudiments of surgery and dressing cases, under the guidance of able assistants in long flowing aprons, looking *more like* genii, than men, who seem to sit on judgement on erring mortals and give him in charge of the solitary nurse who flits in and out of her little kingdom, away from her kind On the *table lies a boy* perhaps still in his teens all nervous, trembling from head to foot The scalpel is in one hand, and all the necessary lotions and sponges are ready It is only a puncture to be made, so trivial to the accustomed medical eve, yet the flash of *the little blade* is shocking to the lay man Dear student, be *not* b nt so on practising surgery Look behind, the door is *half* ajar and there stands the Christian mother, old and ragged in a tattered hat, poor yet with a mother s heart Send her gently away and shut the door That is the only remedy

In the spacious room opposite, the physician is engaged in giving learned clinics and differential diagnosis on patients lying on cots Some of them are seated on the long roomy benches, while others are squatting on the ground. Who is

at something beyond their comprehension. There advances one and picks up at random some suffering patient, and expresses disappointment by a sour face and a puckered expression, when told of some common oft-noticed disease, at the usual question "*Kaya Hota*," however important it be to the sufferer. Thus the same *person* is *examined* by a multitude of embryo doctors, much to disgust. Go and seek another. Perhaps she would satisfy your desire for the uncommon. But the patient is hard to deal. Though in suffering and in want, she has her pride Uncovered and without a *burkha,* no one has seen her, beyond perhaps the thick lashes and the dark sparkling eyes Dare approach her. Does she not come from the magic kingdom, that fair city, the queen of the Deccan* ? Has she not been brought up, under the very eye of the *Shadi* Begum, in the sanctity of the Zenana, being bought for a couple of hundred rupees, in some byegone famine when the needy mother unable *to feed her child, sold her to save her life,and got as well,* the much needed money to sustain herself and the rest of the babies; and though a slave, has she not herself been a petty autocrat of the harem, commanding the dependants and minions with an iron hand, for, the servants paid in exchange for service are subordinates, and she a slave is a member of the family? A proud spirit like hers will listen to none but the doctor sahib, *though the cruel man she was wedded to, has left* her and *she reduced to straightened circumstances* *Try* the meek-looking woman seated next to her *Perhaps she would* obey. Her child is suffering. She will repeat over and over again the history of the disease, for his sake, more than you wish

* Hyderabad.

for Her only anxiety is cure for her boy There is nothing in the way of maternal affection, no shyness no false sense of dignity Approach you too, gentle fellow-student Why hesitate, it is only a poor mother and a suffering child But gentle angel, be gentler still The fracture is tender and painful and every movement at getting crepitations, sends a pang in the poor little soul And thou too well-meaning friend, have your turn, pain the boy so that in times to come, you may heal boys yet unborn Take him to the adjoining hall, where a number of little surgeons are engaged in learning rudiments of surgery and dressing cases, under the guidance of able assistants in long flowing aprons, looking more like genii, than men, who seem to sit on judgement on erring mortals, and give him in charge of the solitary nurse, who flits in and out of her *little* kingdom, away from her kind On the table lies a boy, perhaps still in his teens all nervous, trembling from head to foot The scalpel is in one hand, and all the necessary lotions and sponges are ready It is only a puncture to be made, so trivial to the accustomed medical eye, yet the flash of the little blade is shocking to the layman Dear student, be not bent so on practising surgery. Look behind, the door is half ajar and there stands the Christian mother, old and ragged in a tattered hat, poor yet with a mother's heart Send her gently away and shut the door That is the only remedy

In the spacious room opposite, the physician is *engaged* in giving learned clinics and differential diagnosis on patients lying on cots Some of them are seated on the long roomy benches, while others are squatting on the ground Who is

that man prematurely old, all emaciated and delirious with pain? His suffering knows no bounds Every fibre and every tissue of the body seems to rise in rebellion, and to him no rest is known, in whatever position the limbs are placed Even the bare dusty floor seems to him a bed of down He is old and perhaps without a relation To him the fair world *was never kind and he has had no aspirations still what a struggle in him!* Never was body more in love with the spirit The soul, free as ever, feign would rise and cast away the clogs of the body, but that friend cannot bear the separation Wait dear comrade, unmindful comrade ever so little. I had identified myself with thee so You and I were one Through thee I got the powers of thought and speech, thou gavest gloss to my hair and glamour to my eyes, and made the blood run in my veins Will the aspiring soul, of finer nature, and meant for more exalted destiny, stoop to listen It remains to be seen Is it typhoid colic, or dysentry? To *him* all the world is nothing, its attachments nothing Rest and health, he never appreciated before, is all he wants All his idea, for the moment is—let alone Poor dull eyes, why are they bent so, looking into the vacancy, are they busy with some sweet vision of the past, a contented home, wife and child, a doting mother or a sister dear or a loving friend that helped to pass many a joyful hour Will they ever know of thy fate and drop a tear for sympathy. Mad thought! Thou never hadst had a home, nor ever did the kind relations exist It is of little solace to thee, though perhaps a consolation to the dreamer Poor earthly mantle, threatened with dissolution Who would part thy hair and who would rap thee in delicate raiments

In, quite an another part of the department, are busy hamals syringing ears and noses In a smaller chamber, in a room within a room, sits the skilled specialist, reminding one, of the primitive medicine man, or a magician, with a mirror suspended to his forehead, a cauldron bubbling by his side, and all kinds of quaint, mysterious instruments in the shape of forceps, speculums, and bistouries in his hand. The lurid light emanating from an electric bulb, fixed up-side down to the wall opposite, gives the whole place a hallowed appearance With the aid of these, he examines the ears and noses of those introduced to him, one by one, and grasps at the secrets of those dark and difficult cavities There comes a woman from high life She has lost her voice Perhaps, she has a weakness for music, and has been singing too long To her there is no greater calamity that can befall mankind She wants her vocal cords to be stretched, or the throat cleared or a combination of both She is tired of aspirates, since her throat has gone wrong She can pronounce nothing without them Gutterals are an impossibility to her There comes another who has something very wrong with the ear. He is innocent of voice sweet or rough Put as many forks as you like, on his vertex occiput, or sinciput, he only shakes his head Despair not, soon shall thy auditory apparatus be made whole, and thou shalt hear again the music of the world

And years later as an exeperienced surgeon, working at a large hospital or as an assistant doing humble but not less essential work, or in charge of an out of the way dispensary, while reclining on the then accustomed easy chair, at eventide, after the day's labours are over, stray visions of well remem-

bered scenes, the old familiar faces, kind masters, and faithful fellow students that might have been friends—the delicious recollections of the past, shall pass across the field of memory, between the whifs of the soothing cigar, and shall seem to go back through years and act again, and amongst them, thou three years-old sage looking Shanti, intelligent beyond thy age, thoughtful and calm, shalt not be forgotten Poor little maid, thou must have gone to thy home in the horse carriage, as thou so oft hast said and thou must have bought *pera* for the pice given thee so long ago The neighbouring boy will no longer make thee miserable by threatening to cut away thy nose And thou Ahmad the cripple ricketty boy with a *fracture in every limb*, ever tied up, and confined to bed, ever happy with thy pranks, toy piano, and the many coloured rosary, with every bead of which thou *piously repeated the kalima*, "There is no God but God, and Mohammad is his prophet," *shalt ever await on the horizon of memory*, ready to step in, to encourage and to solace during the hours of despondency *Dost thou not feel, like other restless children*, inclined to go out into the sunshine and the light They say free as a bird *Is the caged bird happy? Perhaps it is*

The mind seemed to change and wander to that kingdom of babies, the maternity ward, where there are babies every where babies of all descriptions and varieties—babies smiling and *playful—babies sour faced and naughty, rosy babies, dark* babies, mild babies fretful and pugnacious babies, so divergent yet so similar The nursing staff must be very *clever, not to* mix them up and to give the right baby to the right mother. Why can't people exchange *their ugly babies for pretty ones?*

Here is the splendid opportunity to make that fortunate mis take And how alike they all look, in their little proportions, perhaps of their innocence and similar thought or no thought. Born side by side, how different would be their destinies. There screams the sturdy fellow strong of muscles Years later, perhaps thou shalt stand and sweat by the raging forge hammering away or moulding some glowing piece of iron, in an extensive factory, or a wayside smithy. Thou shalt not find the world so pleasent then, as on the warm lap of thy mother And thou little girlie, still fresh to the world, so red and pretty, shall in days to come, be a charming maid, without a rival in thy humble company If the fates were kind, thou might have been born, a scion of the proudest house and honoured the halls of the wealthy and the great But perhaps, *to pride* and vanity unknown thou art best in thy present simpl city. Some rude and humble weaver unable to appre ciate thy personality may be thy *mate* and be thankful to God to find thee good and devoted And so is the lotus lily content with the sweet companionship of the black buzzing clumsy beetle. And why not? It is so devoted and so sacri ficing, to be lost *in the very* sweetness of the enchanting flower, so forgetful of self and all *but the only friend*, so unconscious that when the rays *of the* large setting sun, bereft of their warmth fall aslant *on the* delicate petals, it finds itself in a living tomb, *to die* a delicious death Suddenly all has vanished, and there *stands the* smiling and the nodding maid, still in the freshness of girlhood Yes I know you well It was I who first received thee into the world I swabbed thy eyes and cleaned thy tiny mouth, and it *was my smart* slap

that made thee draw thy first breath Thy cheeks are not so rosy, nor thy hands so delicate, nor is there that smile. Hast thou been happy during the lapse of years? Has thou been brought up well or ill? Suddenly she seemed to change and draw back, and as she retreated further in the distance, and grew fainter and fainter, she seemed to say "I was not born at thy hands nor was I born at all; the babes born with thy aid shall never come across thee, and I shall wait on the borderland of existence till eternity, a picture of thy fancy, before I have a life and a name." Suddenly I woke up, to find my glum partner by my side already at his books, wondering why I slumbered late. It was only a dream, a transient life within a life, a trick of the mind.



Thoughts and Recollections.



EDICINE for thee? So have the fates decided. There was some pain at the first parting from the dear home, and the familiar surroundings of childhood: yet it was strangely mixed with buoyant hopes, the thoughts of life to come, and honours to be gained! Friends wished him well, relations were happy, and fond parents blessed him, "Dear boy be safe and well, let nothing trouble thee" It is five years since, an appreciable period in a man's life Those who were old and infirm have left the world one by one, during this short lapse of years while others who were hale and hearty wear beards silvery and grey The dear friends that were left behind, are scattered and half forgotten, giving one an impression of utter loneliness

And those of the devoted souls that remain, and the new friends that are acquired, fellow associates in studies, and kind acquaintances, are on the point of departing, each to his distant home, or to new fields of life, to fit himself to new surroundings and live over again. How oft have we not met, and lived, and laughed and talked in the never-to be-forgotten unpretentious No. 53*, and yet it has had no qualification of its own. Though it over-looked the garden, there was never a whiff of breeze, nor did its occupants ever seem to feel the want of any, for the simple reason that they passed

*The most popular and frequented of the rooms in the college hostel.

that made thee draw thy first breath Thy cheeks are not so rosy, nor thy hands so delicate, nor is there that smile Hast thou been happy during the lapse of years? Has thou been brought up well or ill? *Suddenly she seemed to change* and draw back, and as she retreated further in the distance, and grew fainter and fainter, she seemed to say "I was not born at thy hands nor was I born at all, the babes born with thy aid shall never come across thee, and I shall wait on the borderland of existence till eternity, a picture of thy fancy, before I have a life and a name" Suddenly I woke up, to find my glum partner by my side already at his books, wondering why I slumbered late It was only a dream, a transient life within a life, a trick of the mind



They talked about things they knew, they talked about things they did not know. Some sat on the chairs, others rolled themselves on the only cot, paved with cardboard, and hard enough to pain all the bony prominences of the back, again others, when the available accomodation was filled up, installed themselves on the boxes, and talked and talked, till their eyes grew hazy and dim with sleep. It had a strange attraction. Besides this, it was a veritable guest house. People came from the North and South, and East, and West and at all seasons, and were received with extended arms. Those that had no pretentions to be friends or relations, brought letters of introduction, and were equally well received. There used to frequent, a young Christian boy, half philosophic, half mystic, who told the fortunes of all present, read their palms, scrutinized every line and every crease, uttered the same expressions, with a solemn shake of the head and said the same things, the salient events of life, yet strangely enough, all went satisfied. There came another who spoke in enigmas full of sarcasm and satire, and yet another sometimes, innocent and thoughtless rarely able to utter a word. Even the tea boy came, and though his loaves had strange fancies, getting diminished in volume at one time and coming back to their original dimensions at another, and the tea cups gradually contracted in size in some mysterious way, he eased our craving stomachs. The harpy waxed fat on his gains, but he satisfied our wants. And thou, little friend, so fond, and yet so considerate, stepped in from wherever thou happened to be, whether it was the grim dissection hall or the solemn college class. How oft have we not enjoyed thy innocent childlike talk. A [illegible]ng like study was unknown, though some pre-

their time in others' rooms It boasted of no furniture, beyond old tables awkwardly placed, a couple of chairs, with a carpet, or a folded quilt for a cushion, an old stout umbrella that belonged to the last generation, and was found a legacy, when the room was first acquired, a volume of Robert Browning, stray novels, old magazines and musty journals, some text books on anatomy, physiology, and medicine, all pell-mell, with a bone or two, or a skull peeping here and there The shelves were loaded with bottles, great and small, containing strange liquids, copies of *Hamlet* and *Robinson Crusoe*, old articles, cast off hats and discarded boxes, retained for the mere love of association The walls were adorned with pictures attached at different levels, the biggest of not more than a cabinet size Its two occupants were equally opposed in character One was full of life, and *ambitious dreaming already of an M S in the* distant future, the other was humble retiring, and contented, one was careless, and optimistic, the other thoughtful. One had for his motto '*Remember*,' the other '*Forget*,' words that were boldly written on the walls in front of their study tables On a lamp, the wick of which seldom knew the flame, was stuck a bit of paper on which was written in blue and red "Please observe silence", a rule that was seldom followed A light was a rarity, and every night there darkness prevailed though the spacious hall beside it was brilliantly lighted with electricity When asked the reason, they said, "There is, always darkness beside the light Even it was whispered, that they ate in darkness Though modest and simple, those came to it that had a weakness for talking They came in the day, they came in the night and talked and discussed

the unfortunate distended stomach came down to its normal size, only to be filled over again a few hours later It is not long that thou art gone, and we miss thee already

And you imperious friend, born to rule liked, and disliked alike, yet in soul sincere, have also left us only to meet oft and on You shall flourish and command wherever you be, be it a humble, out of the way country dispensary, or a large busy hospital, with a train of staff to serve You could command, and yet be kind you could rule and, yet obey And your friend, the simple and chatty —— seen at the wards, seen at the out patient s, boldly and unrelentingly questioning the surgeon or the physician in time and out of time, beginning with Tuberculosis and ending in a liver abscess, till we, tired of standing, were ready to collapse, has also left us. You had also other companions, devoted and sincere, the plain, atheletic A the grim laconic B, intelligent and thoughtful and the good romantic C, simple, and soft hearted, who could admire a heroic deed, and appreciate a sacrifice

And you 'bright-eyed'—— impulsive, and child like, yet bold, and studious, with a good will for all, shall leave us soon Thou wert a deligent student, and in times to come, thou shalt heal many a sufferer with thy skill and kindly sympathy Thou hadst a purpose To gain knowledge was thy aim and thou hast succeeded well Who can forget Mr —— who walked about careless, and unconcerned People called thee mad but thou wert good. Oft have we caught thee perched on a wall, gazing on the deep blue sea or the ever changing clouds on the distant horizon, and

tended to read, the average progress being a line an hour. Writing materials, ink, paper, pen, and pencil, were rare commodities, *and those who wished to write, begged, borrowed*, robbed, or stole, or went to others' rooms for the purpose. It was also a general post office. the letters being received from all parts of the world, not only for those who frequented it, but as well for those who lived outside. No. X is brilliantly lighted and there the cards go round, and there move Kings and Queens on the chess board and in No Y there is brilliant company with many a strain of music, yet all come to modest No. 53. Who can forget it? In its simple surroundings many *a dream has been dreamt, till the lines vanished from the* page of the book, and it began to reflect the very thoughts of the dreamer. *There are imprinted thoughts of joy and* hope, melancholy and sorrow.

Sometimes it was honoured by Mr.——— ——* who occupied No. Z. That only happened, when there was something to eat. He was the best friend we had Tall, and fat and studious in proportion, he looked a Gulliver amongst the Lilliputians With all that he had the mind of a child. His only weakness was eating to which he never said 'No'. He never waited to be asked. He ate the best of food. He ate the worst of food. He lived to eat. When he fell to it, he ate and ate, and volumes of rice disappeared before him, and bread and curry and all into the bargain, and when he could eat no more, he used water at intervals to wash all down the throat. Then there developed a tumour in the epigastric region which rose slowly to the utmost dimensions. It required hours of rolling in bed. before

* The most honourable member of the Timbuctoo Syndicate

The Evolution of a Medico



T was a warm night in May, when everything was as still as it could be and the air seemed as if suspended that I got up with a jerk The mosquitoes were entertaining me, unrequested, with their unpleasant music, and there was an occasional bray of a stray donkey in the adjoining fields or the sudden bark of the pariah dog in the bye lanes *Finding sleep impossible*, I fell into a reverie thought following thought till the association of ideas led me to a review of my own life

I, Isaac Noodleton, now by grace of God, a successful medical man, have little recollection beyond the age of 3 or 4, when I found myself a self willed brat crying as much as I was capable of, *even in the very triumph that other people* yielded to my stubborn will and tried to coax me to be silent When I came of learning age a great ceremony was performed, of which I was the hero and considered myself happy, when I found myself master of a well polished slate enclosed in a *smooth dealwood frame* and a little well bound book with numerous funny pictures, and articles which *to me appealed more* as play things But this joy was of short duration, as I was soon forced to read the unfamiliar though pleasantly high sounding English language in the form of alphabets and write in another The thing *which troubled me* most was its unphonetic character, I well remember how I *taxed the patience*

laughed and chattered with thee, and when we turned back thou wert gone Perhaps our foolish talk disturbed thy solitude, and quiet meditation

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good
And hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood

To thee life was a dream unreal, and its events, the worry and the woe on which people waste immense energy, of no consequence. And you fellow student, modest, retiring, and ever respected, thy thoughts were noble, and thy life sublime Thou wert always kind, so gentle, and so inert The turmoils of life shall not disturb thy peace We may not reach those exalted heights, yet we can aspire and imitate. Thou wert above differences Thou shalt heal and thou shalt sooth And Dr ——— —is also no longer with us now. He was only an acquaintance, honoured, and respected He was a born genius proficient in every branch of medicine, one who loved the art for its sake He was a perfect man, modest, kind, and unpretending, Greater honours and higher degrees wait for thee in the lands beyond the waves And so was R——— meek and gentle from the eastern plains He was a gentleman, in thought and word and deed

Thus within the period of five years in the midst of work and play, were friendships formed gained and lost combinations, and syndicates made, to be dissolved soon or late, all so diverse in thought, temperament, ideas and inclinations, yet in reality one, and the same the expression of the same creation, with the same good permeating all What remains is but a memory to be cherished, where-ever we be, the thoughts of old familiar faces.

and years afterwards I found him a foreman, passing rich with forty rupees a month I also cannot forget how we ate raw guavas to indigestion, and green unripe mangoes to the blunting of our teeth, and how our mouths watered to see clusters of cocoanuts hanging from the stately trees, we being too short to pluck them, and waited till some worthy precocious lad scaled the slender stem trembling and with fear at heart the prospect of the pleasure of eating the juicy kernel leading him on and threw down as many as he could Who knew then, that one, rather a shy little boy, among so many forward and mischief making youngsters was destined for medicine?

Of College and its life little need be said beyond its stately building its high traditions, extensive play grounds and a magnificent library of which unfortunately the only section I made use of was novels It was also the time of making some lasting friendships and of dreaming Thus literature developed my sentiment, and imagination and history my fancy, qualities quite unfit for the matter of fact, practical medical man Yet I was destined to be one.

Fates were already scheming and were busy bringing about circumstances which prevented my aspiring soul from entering a thousand and one other walks of life I struggled hard, but they were relentless So in due course I was enrolled as an initiate in the noble art of healing The first feelings were of deep dejection, when I found myself one of a huge number of students, as various as are the nationalities in India, seated on the old gallery embroided with generations of carved names and initials of those who had gone out as

of my early teacher, by persistingly pronouncing *b a t, bat, c a- t, sat*, and *b u t, but, p u- t, put*

In due time, I was sent to a large public school, where I played more with the other young hopefuls, and studied little The Head master was a big black man, a very prototype of Master Boyer of Christ's Hospital who loved to exercise his cane and relished the smack it gave on our poor throbbing flesh. I remember of many a bluish pink line on my hands and dorsal regions as a result of this activity His entry in the class room with a frown on his face was a bad augury for the rest of the day Things were worse when he took into his head to use the knob end instead of the tail, especially when it descended on the posterior aspect of the metacarpals But with all his discipline and severity, a kind heart throbbed in his bulky uncouth frame, and I loved him and his cane for the gentle goodness inherent in him And kind were some of the fellow boys I well remember that once while the other boys were being caned for not bringing home work, and I was trembling at the prospect of a similar treatment, being in the same predicament, that an older and a poorer boy gave me his to pass for mine, and offered to receive the severe cuts from the large muscular hand that dealt them For a moment there was a struggle, sharp and keen, and a pricking of conscience, and to my shame, it resulted in my getting the marks and his the caning Twice the birch was raised in the air and twice it fell with a slapping sound and when I looked back, I found him vainly trying to stifle pain by clutching at the handkerchief This was my first experience of youthful sacrifice Later on he did not seem to do so well,

To us juniors life was rather pleasant Whilst the students going up for the examination spent their time in dissecting away as fast as they could, in cramming anatomy, getting by rote osteology and trying vainly to fix in their brains the innumerable sections, simple, complex, and compound, ours was a playing holiday. We jested, laughed and talked, quite oblivious of a similar fate in store for us not long afterwards Thus the dissection dragged on slowly, forgetting on the morrow what we read the day previous To make matters worse we had only a pair of forceps and scalpel between us both, carefully preserved in a paper spectacle case, bought for a trifle in the neighbourhood. Hence it needs must be sharpened every day Being in doubt whether to carry the scalpel on the oily stone with the edge forward or the back, I looked to others how they sharpened theirs Observing them employing all kinds of methods, some carrying it one way or the other, and others round and round, I followed a compromise of all methods and brought the instrument blunter than when I took it to sharpen Besides my partner used one way and I the other for the same instrument Thus day in, day out we unconsciously superposed circles, ellipses, parabolas and every conceivable variety of conic sections, on the greasy surface of the stone and it grew worse and worse daily, till it could hardly cut a fascia or a membrane Thus we worked under difficulties, what with an unwilling, versatile partner ready to jump at the slightest incident in our neighbourhood, and finding gossip pleasanter than dissection, a blunt scalpel, a not unoften misplaced forceps, driving us to use the biology one as a substitute, the part dried up or stin

fullfledged medical men in times gone by, with half a dozen sad looking girls in the front row, and the professor delivering what was to me a very uninteresting lecture in his clear well modulated voice It was only of amœba that he talked and who could take an interest in an animalcule we never saw.

In the second year life seemed pleasanter. It was the time when my fellow-students had abundant leisure and as a consequence, crystallised themselves, into distinct forms, inwardly and outwardly Some dazzled with the pretty city of Bombay gave themselves up to shows and entertainments and changed their homely apparel for more up to-date dress, while others adorned themselves in the most fashionable costumes putting on collars and ties of the most delicate shades of colours and loved to strut about in society. Others, more firm of purpose, sat at the feet of the goddess Athene and decorated her crown with laurels, in the shape of prizes and scholarships gained with immense labour. A fourth group added other activities in the shape of sentiment, poetry and the like aesthetics and read and studied and took interest in everything and anything but their own proper work. The sad looking girls began to show signs of life and grew precocious so much so that they competed with the most hard working and intelligent amongst us. Then there was the excitement of the dissection hall, which proved the greatest bother by and by. All practical classes have their fixed and limited time, but this none. Work in the morning, work in the afternoon and work whenever there happened to be no lecture.

The most interesting people, I had to deal with, were the hamals.* They have the knack of continually giving hopes and at the same time disappointing you You want a tray or something He would most submissively bow down his head and take it to clean, and while all the time you are waiting for it he has given it to some one else At a second call he will pretend to run and go about his business with perhaps the same result, or temporarily hide himself somewhere Thus chagrined, you devise methods to tame him and the only one you find feasible is *buksheesh* They all have a common weakness for it To his credit, let it be said, that he is honest in his request He tries not to enlist your sympathy with a tale of hard times or of maintaining a wife and six children He puts on the blandest smile and asks you in the pleasantest manner something for tea. You would be surprised and ask, ' Why ' it is a very modest request indeed" And so it would be, but unfortunately while others take tea by cupfuls, he drinks by pintfuls He has a contempt for your delicate good for nothing china his drinking apparatus is the tinpot. So my young friends, if you have to wait for half an hour for a five minutes case, for want of a tray or screen, or have an extensive burn case, and find the hamal sulky then dole out *bucsheesh* It is the '*open sesame*' which not only unlocks hidden treasures but even opens the heart of the hamal It is no good struggling against fate Give you must and it is better to give with a good grace

An important element formed, the doll like beings robed in white who swiftly passed and repassed in their work and

* No reflection is intended the passage being written humorously

king as a result of long neglect, and above all my own rebellious nature which, though feign would have knowledge despised labour.

Thus time passed on and one day I found myself working at the hospital, a senior student. There was another general metamorphosis among my classmates. Most of them tried to look smarter. Those keen on learning grew insusceptible to human sensibility; the sterner amongst us became callous; the shy ones, bold; and the gentle, gentler still. The sad looking girls grew more enthusiastic and hard working. The *ailing patients*, the clatter of bowls and trays, the murmur of swift passing boots, and the thud of percussions had enough excitement. But here too I was destined to bungle. At first the cases took too long. To us beginners there was something or other wanting. Either the trays seemed too short, or the screens too few. A necessary instrument was wanting or the *cotton wool or gauze brought for the purpose turned out to* be deficient. Or after rolling up a long bandage, to my disgust the tail end was found upper most, necessitating another rolling. Then there was the difficulty of accustoming the ears to rales and crepitations, moist and dry, and to the different shades of dullness and resonance. Sometimes the cardiac dullness seemed absent, thus rendering the patient heartless, a physiological impossibility, unless confined to temperament or sentiment; and at others, varying in dimensions at every new attempt. Then, I had to get accustomed to the high sounding hospital phraseology, as mackintosh, tray, auscultation, vocal fremetus etc, as well as to the necessary monosyllables *thanks* and *please*, with which every request needs must be

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seemed to be the people of an unknown race. These were the nursing sisters. They seemed to understand every want and convenience of the patients and set right this or that, give a touch here and there with a nicety known alone to women. What with thermometers, cleaning, and washing, they seemed to cause the least inconvenience and trouble to the patient.

O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish ring the brow
A ministering angel thou

Sir Walter Scott.

The patients given in our charge were of various temperaments, some refractory and others submissive. I know of a kind old man, with a big white beard and a pleasing face, who was full of smiles even in his illness I missed him when he died. A gentle soul like his could never know of evil and may it rest in peace.

Sweet were thy joys, thy peace sublime,
And thy entranced thoughts enjoyed
On heights I sha'l ne'er aspire.
And in thy breast no passions raged
"O my saint with the sinless eyes."

One poor boy, not yet on the wrong side of teens, ignorant of the gravity of his case, playfully repeated "double murmur, double murmur", words he had heard us pronounce so frequently.

Women seemed more resigned to their fate and grateful for the pains we took for them A young woman came to get

ril of malaria, developed pulmonary tuberculosis and grew sadder and spectre thin day by day Not a word of complaint or of alarm at the approaching death escaped her One morning I found the bed empty

She was succeeded by an old Muslim woman, with very winning ways and rather a long tongue She talked of her high family of all the herbs she used and the number of leeches she applied to her painful knee, so much so as to make auscultation an impossibility The student in charge was asked to accept the blessings of the "*Kaaba wali and she went even to the extent of cracking her knuckles against her temples †

And who would forget little Halima the sweetest maid that ever brightened the ward with her prattle and her ready wit. Once when asked why she was smiling she said pointing to the registrar, I am laughing at that doctor sahib I hate all the *babas* as they call me *lungri* (lame) ' Poor girl, she is lost never to be heard again, in the dirt and squaller of her weaver home Perhaps her wit and her gentle chat will not so readily appeal to an unfriendly mother in law and a wine-smelling wife-beating husband

Another patient who attracted attention was a blind old woman who sang exquisitely "*Allah Tum kaun gulli gae*',— "Oh my God which lane did you go by To think of God the Divine Beloved of a helpless woman picked up in the streets and playing beloved like hide and seek, ever evading the baffled seeker in a maze of lanes was rather impressive

*The lady who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca

†This is a sign among Muslim women of wishing a long life for a person.

So passed my life at the great college of medicine where I acquired knowledge in the noblest of the sciences and walked the wards many a year. There also I drew my experience of human ills and infirmity and got an insight into human nature, possible alone in a hospital and gained by tender sympathy.



Struggle for Existence.

"Can the sailor move the main,
Will the potter heel the clay?
Mortal! where the spirit drives
Thither must the wheels obey"



"A new case for you It is an interesting case of heart disease It may be put up for the next clinics." So resounded the words of the registrar in charge of the Wards And in semi-darkness of the extreme corner of the wards, I found him, propped up suffering from intense dyspnea and cough. He was in the hey-day of youth, plump and well nourished, and seemed to have seen better days in his life He answered the usual questions, quite simply and intelligently, and I was forming quite good hopes of getting a "V—"* against my name on the next *clinics day*

"Sir, give me relief, and I shall tell you every detail of my trouble It is for five months Do you think I shall be cured? I have intense pain and tenderness, all over the body, a troublesome cough, and blood in the sputum See how red it is"

"Your Family History?" "I have none, no friends or relatives I have only a mother somewhere in the country"

'O D P ?"†

* The highest appreciation that can be obtained for a good history of a case

† Origin duration and progress of the disease

"Not very long, Sir; it started only a few months ago, and twice was I admitted in the jail hospital, which gave me little relief."

A jail hospital! Instinctively I looked up towards the window, only to find the "Blue bottle" on guard, lest the sufferer should run away from the justice of man. A jail! what crime could he commit—the apparently simple man with the mind of a child. Surely nature could not be so deceiving. Was it a temporary madness, starvation, or necessity, or bad company, or what is more likely, the folly of a moment? A strong curiosity and impulse to inquire into the causes! But conscience rebelled against it. He is a sufferer, and a repentant in the clutches of disease and has perhaps a few days to live. To err is human, why inquire? Then is it the suffering and pain that has brought out all the good that is in him? If so, it is perhaps a blessing.

Next day we approached him by ones or twos, and he surrendered to our repeated auscultations, without a protest, without a murmur, and only replied to the question as to his health—"I am not well."

More notes written, changed, and corrected, in consultation with fellow-students with better powers of perception, feel, and judgment There is a murmur conducted into the axilla, and another down the sternum; what does he care for them? He wants a cure.

"V—" perhaps is sure Next day—auscultated the heart. The murmurs have disappeared: it is extremely irregular. His end perhaps, is drawing near.

"How are you, Sir?"—"I am not well There is no improvement They give me medicine, thirteen times a day, and it is no good, I feel giddy and weak Everything seems to reel round me I feel I have no hopes O God! I can't eat. In the jail hospital I used to get *halia* Get me some The sepoy will bring it I have no money" "Do not be disheartened You shall get better"

Yet another day the same questions —"Look Sir, in the spittoon There is blood —blood everywhere The whole night I have coughed' The pot was full of blood and its slanting margins coloured with big scarlet patches The end is certain, and that too soon Why afraid of it? Is it the animal instinct to live?—or has he joys still left in life? He has only a mother Does she know of his fate in the hands of man and God? Is he to be told the truth, and the few hours he is destined to live made bitter for him? Or will you tell an untruth that he is going to be better, when his earthly frame is no longer fit for the spirit What a problem in ethics! Consult conscience That is the only solution It says 'Tell that which would comfort him in his short earthly life and take the sin on thy head, not to justify it after but to suffer *It is a sacrifice*"

Hopes of 'V— vanished in the extreme sympathy for the man in the throes of death

That evening while taking round in the ward, there was a cry from behind the screen—'Sir, Sir, Sir" There was some hurry, and some worry and some distracting thought We shall see on the morrow That was not destined No

last comfort you can give. A neighbouring patient said, he passed away at 4 o'clock from the justice of man to a higher tribunal — —a better repenting soul, with all that was best in it well evolved.

The next morning was damp and cold The accustomed corner was empty. The nurse walked as usual taking temperatures and counting pulse and respirations, the students flocked from cot to cot, chattered, laughed, and walked away without a thought, without a care, that some one yet in his youth repented, struggled for life, the bitterest struggle known to man, and died.



The Zoo Club.

I

(In the lighter vein)



HE Medicoes, with long years of association and tradition, have always, consciously or unconsciously, formed themselves into groups and combinations, according to their tastes, sentiments, and inclinations where they lived, and talked, and worked, and spent their spare hours away. Such a one was the Zoo Club. Its members were bound by the strongest and the deepest of sentiments—Sincerity. They were moved by the highest of motives, and tried to improve the world, though they themseves fell considerably short of it. They talked of other people's affairs, and neglected their own. Though fires raged in their breast, their heart was kind. They were a thrifty people. Perferring quantity to quality, they patronised the cheapest of restaurants and made the most of their money's worth. Though always glad to accept an invitation, they invited none. Some to save butter, ate bread soaked in tea, while others did away with that luxury altogether, some for the reason that it was harmful to their stomach, others that it was against their principle. They were also accustomed to take their pleasures lonely, and these were of the simplest kind, a walk at the sea-side, inhaling the fresh breeze, as they called it, and attending cheap shows and cinemas. They spent the rest of their time in

contemplating over the ease and comfort of idleness, and oft did they say with half drooping eyes,

> "*Death is the end of life, ah why,*
> *Should life all labour be,*
> *Let us alone*"

Their head-quarters consisted of only a room, much smaller than the average, and they thought themselves too humble to aspire for anything more. It was strangely commodious and it seemed as if its dimensions imperceptibly expanded and contracted according to the number of the Zoos present. Its contents were of a unique kind, and consisted of a small wicker table with one of its legs wanting, purchased in the good old days, which none could trace, for the modest sum of rupee one, now used to accomodate a variety of articles, bones and skulls, and many a toilet thing, a shelf, tall and thin, standing against the wall opposite, containing books necessary and unnecessary, a deck chair without a bend, inclined at an angle of 30° to the ground, so fashioned that none could recline on it, much less sit, except at the extreme end, and a huge bedstead, large and luxurious, and seemingly comfortable, but woe to the man, unaccustomed to the ways of the Zoos, whoever passed a single night on it, for at the midnight hour, it made such horrid screeches and ominous sounds at every turn of the unconscious sleeper as to send him bounding out of the room irrespective whether he knocked his head or knee in the darkness, for the Zoos loved darkness and there it always prevailed No amount of bromides or morphia would induce him to sleep again and even if he slept, he suffered from horrible dreams and

talked in sleep Even the story ran that he walked in sleep The neighbours slept with terror in their hearts, starting now and starting then to see if a thief or a goblin was really prowling about in the dull gloom Besides these, there was a small box installed in some unimportant place, which gave an inexhaustible supply of things in the way of stationery, instruments &c in some mysterious manner, and an old hat hanging on the peg, several sizes larger than the biggest head amongst the Zoos and intended by them to be used on an excursion to the Canary Caves, an event which never seemed to arrive

The Secretary was a short thin man pale and sallow, extremely vigorous in mind, with his hair at right angles to the skin The fellow members called him "The glorious little man, and glorious he looked when he strutted out at eventide, in his chocolate suit, stick in hand, to take his lonely pleasures or to accept an invitation He was very fond of killing cockroaches and whenever he spied one, he ran after it, he chased it, he tumbled table shelves, chairs, boxes anything and everything that came in the way, sometimes he was on the huge bedstead, sometimes below it as the poor creature ran for its life Sometimes he caught it and preserved it in a bottle carefully corked standing on the little wicker table with one of its legs wanting, for some future occasion at other times killed it outright, and then sat at the round table, with a look of satisfaction on his face very often along with a fellow sinner, short and plump, smooth and round, who chameleon like, at every question shook his head rhythmically up and down and from side to

side. then out came from a black elongated bag a number of tiny instruments, keen and cruel, and soon the poor little cockroach disappeared before them. He was well known at home as a great hunter. He was also fond of the mail. He always expected letters without the least idea from where they were likely to arrive. He liked the postman, he liked his bag, and the familiar uniform and in fact the whole department.

Amongst the earliest and the most prominent of the Zoos was——.He was the wit of the club, a lion at home and a lamb in the field. In society he was modest as a maid. Often he was attacked with strange fits. He rolled his eyes, twitched his muscles, and his lips moved one over the other in abject helplessness. To his horrified friends the diagnosis was not unknown. It was a dose of castor oil.

Amongst the most respected was the philosopher Zoo, grown old in thought, though still young in years He avoided humanity and lived in a dark subterranean passage while the smell of savoury meats from the kitchens close by continually regaled his nose. He was the oracle of the Zoos, and they consulted him on every point. He read their palms, examined their phrenology and told their fortunes, and when they went on expeditions, blessed them. The Zoos thought him noble, liked him and called him *frank*. Mr.—was a new initiate. He was the youngest and the mildest of the Zoos. They said he had mistaken his profession. He loved literature and had inherited a taste for mechanics. A number of Zoos were always with him. Some patronised him, and others liked him. The last but not the least was

the President. He was fur and he was fat He was also the high priest, and the Zoos bowed to his will one and all He was unknown and yet well known His spirit prevailed even in the ward, the theatre, and the solemn college class He always went attended with his devotees His company had strange attraction and he often loved a timely joke He lived with them, gave to them what was best in him, loved his flock, and forgave their little fault And many a solemn talk there used to be, and many a merry chat went round, as he presided at the little wicker table with one of its legs wanting Such were some of the specimens of the Zoo club

II

(In the pensive hour)

It was past midnight, and the pale flame was burning low in the socket, that the poor Zoo was poring over a bulky volume The page was underlined here and there, with many a note on the margin It was read, and re-read and read over again and yet not understood, *the fracture of the clavicle* Vain is the struggle Oft the eyes have been pensive and dreamy between the lines, and oft have they looked vacant over the page of the book Is it the thought of the things read in the morning and yet not assimilated, the typhoid, relapsing fever, or the sleeping sickness? (What a comforting name to the eyes that have known no sleep for many weary days) or of the brains racked over squint and yet not understood, Myopia and its complications, read over and over again and forgotten, the Sapremia and Septicæmia already

faint in the memory Is it the prospect of fixing in the over stuffed, overstrained mind, rows on rows of microscopes, and their innumberable specimens, the Anæmia and the Trepanosomes, the Pleurisy and the Emphysema? Or are they the thoughts sad and painful,' longing of the distant land, beyond the hills and far away, of the old familiar home and hearth, where perhaps the poor widowed mother waits for his return, that she may toil no more and rest her aged limbs, of fond gay faces that used to laugh, and chat, and love, and are no more, or is it a little piece of dreaming, soft, and delicate, of childhood's thoughtless days, when many a game and gambol used to be, with friends long forgotten in the old surroundings? Suddenly the few bones on the little wicker table with one of its legs wanting, seemed to stir, and arrange themselves in full human form, as the muscles expand, and tissues with pulsating vessels grew thereon, and the whole smoothed over with soft glossy skin, and it seemed to say in voiceless accents

"Months and years ago, I lived and flourished and took the joys of life as one of you, fretted and bowed under heavy care at life's every trial, and am no more these many days To me all are the same, life's joys and sorrows, its woes and its hopes Does it matter how I lived, in health and renown, or want and oblivion? All come to the same, all are one, the raging desires, the softest sentiments, and the noblest feelings I was hale and handsome, a mother's pride, a friend's joy, and a wife's anxious care, and grew to manhood and then to age, and though modest and lowly, aspired for life's comforts its joys and ease,

which when gained seemed bereft of charm and ceased to please Then came trouble, want, and disease, which humbled pride vanity, and ambition, and with that disappeared strife for gain and happiness, and I slowly died in a strange place forsaken and forlorn And now as I see through the sightless sockets, peeping so meekly from the little wicker table with one of its legs wanting, the same mad hurry, the same story repeated again, the same stream of life running in the same way *though reflected* variously through a thousand tints, and moving towards the same goal The pale golden sun seems to rest on yonder hill at dawn, spreading a thousand rays, silvering the clouds near by, and coursing its path, at eventide, sinks into the western sea, large and red So goes on time, the day succeeding night, as it used to be when I walked the earth As is the life, so is the time, ever the same Why be sad, well or ill, it is the same Look at the fellow Zoo yonder, carelessly sleeping There is a smile on his lips, and on his face no dark line of care All day he had been hard at work He has walked the wards stooped over every bed and listened to their doleful tale judged their ailments, and has comforted them as much as he could He has soothed their pain, and encouraged them, when in despair What more does he want or care? The man there on the corner bed, grey and old with beard, white and flowing has blessed him for, the intolerable colic relieved at once by a soporific The young Persian priest in the corner opposite lisps the same thanks comfort and attention more efficient than drugs and wishes him prosperity in the days to come The young Sikh boy, rolling between life and death, ill of Typhoid, yet strong

in faith, preferring death to cutting off his hair long and flowing, has been his anxious care, and he is happy to see him rally round above danger. He has restored sight to the girl with the cataract and she sees the world again. All the patients love him, and pray with a sincerity which comes alone of suffering They are sure he would be a healer, great and renowned, and bring sympathy and health to many a God's creature He has cared not for the praises he receives. nor felt for the ills that men may speak. He has done his duty, he has loved the profession without the mead. *He has lived.* And thine will be the path, dreary and grey, with no rosy wreath of hope and joy. Thou shalt pass thy days, unknown and recognised. Thou shalt not be cared for in company, or desired in friendly circles, brilliant and gay. Unknown to name and fame, thy merit unappreciated, thou shalt heal the sick, and comfort man. There lies the aged man of seventy, grey and white, and has perhaps seen the best of days and is still afraid of death. He has passed three parts of his life and more and has still a desire—to wed his youngest born, before he dies. There is another, a boy of twenty, young and handsome and afraid to die. He too has need of thee. Even the little maids Asha and Sara, require thy attention, though slave girls they be, destined to life-long bondage. They giggle and they laugh and find the hospital a blessing to the house that brought them up. For thee, was settled the end before thou hadst a being, it was to *serve* mankind. That is the purpose of thy life."

Suddenly the flame became paler, flickered, and then

went out and the bones crumbled back again into their places on the little wicker table, with one of its legs wanting."



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Death will seize the doctor too

W Shakespeare

It may be warded off by our efforts and with the aid of fair science but ultimately come it must to all without distinction whatsoever

Death's level blade on all alike it falls,
No matter what's the rank or sex or age,
The lovely bairn, the youth, the hermit sage,
Or maiden coy each in turn thy mansion calls

I Chakrapany

An attempt to seek out the conception with which humanity as a whole and individually not only regards but feels about death when actually in its presence is an interesting study

Man, with the exception of the high minded few, naturally regards death as something to be feared and abhorred This fact is almost wholly due to the absolute ignorance of one's state after death and the vague ideas concerning it though the prospect of pain, thought to be attendant on such a change, also plays a part in it Love of persons and things to be left behind, ambitions unattained, and the duties left undone, form great factors which go to augment the universal fear The ordinary man thinks that he is born to live, and the world though the majority of its good things be his or not, is to him fair. He easily adapts himself to the

A Psycological Analysis.

There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And who with his sickle keen,
Reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

Lowell.


HE all important event, that must occur to that wonderful combination of the machine and the director, called man, and in fact to all living physical activity, is termed Death Why it is generally represented as a human skeleton with large vampire like wings, and a scythe in one of its hands, and not as a blessed angel robed in white, I know not! Perhaps the general fear with which it is regarded, is responsible for such a conception. The subject has, from time immemorial engrossed the attention of all, high or low, ignorant or thoughtful, sick or healthy, at one time or another, and each has had his own conclusions on the subject, according to his own capacities and leanings But with all the efforts of the greatest thinkers in the world, not one step more is reached beyond the fact that it is inevitable and must occur to one and all.

Disease and death are the two enemies against which all the members of the medical profession have to struggle with all the experience and knowledge that is at their command. The former which is a temporary inconvenience when not

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sphere of life into which his lot is cast and tries to make the most of it, and therefore though however suffering or feeling inconviniences, he loathes to take a plunge into regions where the things good enough now may not be.

> *To die,——to sleep,—*
> *To sleep perchance to dream; there is the rub;*
> *For in that death what dreams may come,*
> *When we have suffled off this mortal coil.*
>
> *W. Shakespeare.*

The animal instinct to live pervades him all through life, and bare existence, nay even existence in pain is a happiness and an immense relief to many a man, if the bare shadowing calamity is warded off.

The dependence on the will of Providence and on all that is inevitable, a firm belief in life after death, the ideas of Heaven and Hell, or the entire resignation to the laws of Karma, are the several factors which go to make the conception of death more or less terrible

Among most people the surroundings of the dead and the ceremonies that follow have quite a depressing and unpleasant feeling of sorrow on all that take part in, or come across them. Some author has said, "We show it (respect) with black feathers and black dresses and black heraldries. We show it by costly obelisks and sculptures of sorrow. We show it by frightful gratings and vaults and lids of dismal stone." Again ask the feelings of a young Hindu lady who sees the broken bangles of her widowed sister, her austere dress, and the rest of the ceremonies of woe. This all makes her think of death something very terrible indeed

But when through all its fears, the ultimate end approaches and the mortal being is in the throes of death, who can conceive the state of his mind, his thoughts, his things, things that might have been, and the things that could be undone His hopes and his fears, his faith and its consequences, who can know That is the time when all the heyday of youth the vigour of body, and in some, of mind is gone Then the mind is serene and bent more on peace and there seems to him no more object in life He is free from the grasp of passions and intellectual pursuits The flames of rage are extinguished and the hatred appeased What remains is only angelic piety The slightest kindness and affection from others have an immense effect on him. In fact he appreciates all that is good, and serene and perhaps the fear of death, so long entertained, leaves him when actually dying All the dense desires having been purged away from the weak, incapable frame, his mind sums on immortality spirituality and the like and in the case of uncultured many, it calmly resigns itself to the inevitable, or it lingers on some dear one to be left behind, perhaps uncared for

But what of thōse who are around the departing man Is their case in any way less terrible? Perhaps not Let us in fancy, create such a scene of death of a middle class lady with all around that are near and dear to her The young lady, one to whom our pity goes most is dying say of child birth

She lies on her soft bed, the predicted hour ever drawing near A few more hours and she would be separated at least

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At last the soul departs from the mortal frame and the act is so simple as to pass almost unnoticed

Our very Hopes belied our fears
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept
And sleeping when she died

T. Hood

The tension is removed from those around her and all grieve in their own way more or less, she excites a sigh in the passer by and a regret from the neighbours. The deepest is the grief of the husband and the parent. They look back from youth onwards. They think of her sprightliness of youth, the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood—from the vigorousness of five and twenty to the hollowness and dead paleness. The husband, if a loving one, is distracted out of mind and to him at times the incident seems hardly possible. She seems to live again, as of old, happy and joyful, sporting in her old ways. He loves to be with her again, if only in mind, and not unoften wakes up with a shock to the grim reality.

Forbear [illegible]
To [illegible]

The long accustomed walk, the familiar window, the chamber and the very articles are precious relics or constant reminders to him.

The friends and servants feel the loss, admire her attainments and regret her early death only to forget the incident more or less in their various walks of life. Thus closes the picture illustrating the feelings that the great change Death produces on the dying and those interested in

apparently for ever and ever from this fine sportive earth with all her charms, and all those who love her, and to whom her welfare is so very dear They are around her in a circle wishing for a magical recovery in the very despair of hopes Are not, at least to some of them her last thoughts of importance ere she dies or becomes finally unconscious? Who knows what they may be, what unexpected turn they take, and what sentiments fly from one to another Yet the last thought—how to know that? We can but only conjecture. Is it of the child that is born, so dear and yet so fatal? Is it a loving husband soon to be left behind for ever or some incident of a too short married life, or is it the parents far away to whom perhaps she is the only child? Perhaps it may be a long lost friend long forgotten Is it the prospect of meeting some dead relative in the regions yet unknown? Or are her thoughts heavenward bound careless of all around Here speculation is dumb and reason blind

The people give her every care and she is the centre of their thoughts They cease to think of anything but her

We watched her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro

T. Hood

The doctor and the nurse are there too The former has his wonted self possession and yet is touched with so much beauty and such youth, while she, if religious, commends the departing spirit to the Lord for Whose sake she is engaged in the work of sacrifice and charity.

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> *[illegible] by fancy led*
> *To hold mysterious converse with the dead*

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Kept heaving to and fro

T. Hood.

The doctor and the nurse are there too The former has his wonted self-possession and yet is touched with so much beauty and such youth; while she, if religous, commends the departing spirit to the Lord for Whose sake she is engaged in the work of sacrifice and charity.

At last the soul departs from the mortal frame and the incident is so simple as to pass almost unnoticed

Our very Hopes belied our fears
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept
And sleeping when she died

T. Hood

The tension is removed from those around her and all grieve in their own way more or less, she excites a sigh from the passer by and a regret from the neighbours The deepest is the grief of the husband and the parent They look back from youth onwards They think of her sprightliness of youth, the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood—from the vigorousness of five and twenty to the hollowness and dead paleness The husband, if a loving one, is distracted out of mind and to him at times the incident seems hardly possible. She seems to live again, as of old, happy and joyful, sporting in her old ways He loves to be with her again, if only in mind, and not unoften wakes up with a shock to the grim reality

Forbear no r er nor let thy fancy led
To hold mysterious converse with the dead

The long accustomed walk, the familiar window, the chamber and the very articles are precious relics or constant reminders to him

The friends and servants feel the loss, admire her attainments and regret her early death only to forget the incident more or less in their various walks of life Thus closes the picture illustrating the feelings that the great change Death produces on the dying and those interested in him or her